

FACULTY OF MUSIC UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

Faculty
Recital
Series

PROGRAMME III

SUNDAY, MARCH 8, 1987

3:00 pm

WALTER HALL

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PROGRAMME

Amarilli, mia bella

G. CACCINI

(1550-1618)

Vittoria, mio core!

G. CARISSIMI

(1605-1674)

Pietà, Signore!

A. STRADELLA

(1642-1682)

Der Neugierige, Op. 25, No. 6

FRANZ SCHUBERT

Auf der Bruck, Op. 93, No. 2

(1797-1828)

Der Doppelgänger, Letztes Werk, No. 13

Das Fischermädchen, Letztes Werk, No. 10

Erlkönig, Op. 1, No. 1

Miroirs brûlants

FRANCIS POULENC

1. Tu vois le feu du soir

(1899-1963)

2. Je nommerai ton front

INTERMISSION

The Centred Passion* (premiere)

DEREK HOLMAN

A cycle of six songs based on text from (b. 1931)

Tennyson's In Memoriam. A.H.H.

Three Songs of Venice

MICHAEL HEAD

1. The Gondolier

(1900-1976)

2. St. Mark's Square

3. The Rain Storm

O vy Lípy - Přemysl's aria from Libuše

BEDRICH SMETANA

(1824-1884)

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* Commissioned by Mark Pedrotti with the assistance of
the Ontario Arts Council

TONIGHT'S ARTISTS

Born in New Zealand, MARK PEDROTTI had a strong musical beginning as a solo singer from the age of eight. By the time he came to Canada in 1974 to study at the University of Toronto's Opera School, he had behind him sixteen years of performing in concert, radio, television and recordings.

Mr. Pedrotti's concert and oratorio work has included guest appearances with The Toronto Symphony, National Arts Centre Orchestra, Winnipeg Symphony, Edmonton Pro Coro and Mendelssohn Choir. He has performed St. John Passion with Sir David Willcocks, Mass in B Minor with Andrew Davis, and Judas Maccabaeus with Eric Ericson. With his wide-ranging operatic repertoire, he has been engaged by the major opera companies throughout the country, as well as the Guelph Spring Festival and Bermuda International Festival. He made his Carnegie Hall debut to critical praise in April, 1985 in Lalo's Le Roi D'Ys with the Opera Orchestra of New York and was subsequently invited to return last season to perform in their production of Smetana's Libuše.

Highlights of Mr. Pedrotti's career have included being invited by Herbert von Karajan to sing in concert with the Mozarteum Orchestra in Salzburg; winning a scholarship in an international competition to study with Tito Gobbi in Italy; and performing in concert on Austrian television with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf. His upcoming engagements include Romeo and Juliette with the Baltimore Opera, Carmina Burana with the New York Choral Society at Carnegie Hall and Eugene Onegin at Glimmerglass, New York.

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JOHN GREER, a University of Manitoba Gold Medalist, continued his studies at the University of Southern California, where he worked with Gwendolyn Koldofsky and Brooks Smith. Presently a faculty member of the Opera Division, University of Toronto, Mr. Greer made his conducting debut under the supervision of music director James Fraser-Craig with Respighi's Maria Egiziaca during the fall of 1983. He has since conducted The Marriage of Figaro and Gianni Schicchi for the Opera Division, Benjamin's Prima Donna and Wolf-Ferrari's The Secret of Susanna for Opera Piccola in Victoria; Riders to the Sea at the Banff Centre; and numerous productions for the Gilbert & Sullivan Society in Toronto. Active as a vocal coach, accompanist and arranger, Mr. Greer is heard in these capacities across Canada in recital and on CBC. A recent tour of the Maritime provinces with mezzo-soprano Catherine Robbin featured his song cycle The House of Tomorrow. This season, Mr. Greer will conduct Mozart's The Goose of Cairo for the Opera Division and Utopia, Ltd. for the Gilbert & Sullivan Society's international symposium.

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SONG TRANSLATIONS

Amarilli, mia bella

G. Caccini

Amarilli, my fair one
Can you doubt my true and tender love?
Do but believe and never give in to fear.
Open thou my bosom and find written on my heart:
"Amarilli, my beloved."

Vittoria, mio core!

G. Carissimi

Victorious my heart is, and tears are in vain
For love now has broken its shackles in twain.

The false one is vanquished, her glances amuse me,
Deception no longer with arts can confuse!
No falsehood or sorrow oppress me with rigour
The flame, once so cruel, has spent all its vigour.

Victorious my heart is ...

Her smile once entrancing no darts is revealing
The wounds in my bosom with time are all healing,
All sorrow and torment no longer I'm fearing,
Now broken each tie is, all tears disappearing!

Victorious my heart is ...

Pietà, Signore!

A. Stradella

O Lord have mercy, I call upon thee,
Lord hear my prayer, grant me thy favour.
Let not the hand with rigour fall,
Be wrathful never, forgiving ever,
Shed thy light upon me, Lord, heed my call.

May I ne'er merit, that in perdition
My soul may languish, but may contrition,
And thy grace heal all.
Jehovah. O never may I be tortured by fires eternal,
For Adam's first fall; may grace heal all.

I ask no flower, I ask no star
They cannot tell me what I so long to hear
I am no gardener, the stars are too high
I will ask the brooklet what my heart desires.
O my dear brooklet, why are you so silent today?
I only need to know one word,
One word again and again,
The one word is yes, the other, no.
Both words encircle my entire universe
O my brooklet dear, you are so wonderful
Will you tell me again, tell me if she loves me?

Auf der Bruck, Op. 93, No. 2

You will trot refreshed after quiet and rest
My good horse, through night and rain.
Why do you shy from bush and branch
And stumble on the wild way?

Even if the forest stretches deep and thick,
It must finally come to an end,
And from the dark valley,
A friendly light will greet us from the distance.

I could easily fly over mountain and field
On your sleek back and amuse myself with
The colourful play of the world,
And its beautiful pictures.

Some eyes laugh at me with trust
And offer me peace, love and happiness,
And still I rush back without rest,
Back to my sorrow.

I was three days away from her, then,
The one to whom I'm ever bound
For three days were the sun, the stars, the earth
And the heavens lost to me.

The desire and sorrow that she healed in
My heart was soon torn apart.
I felt for three days only pain
And oh! How I missed the happiness.

In the distance we see the birds flying
Over land and lake to the warm meadow;
How could the path of love ever betray itself
Therefore trot courageously through the night
And shorten the dark pathways.

Desire awakens bright eyes
And safely sweet expectations are guiding me.

Der Doppelgänger, Letztes Werk, No. 13

Still is the night, there is quiet in the streets,
In this house lived my treasure
She has already left the town
But the house still stands in the same place.

There stands also a person who stares in to the heights,
And wrings his hands from the power of grief;
I am horrified when I see his face
The moon shows me my own person.

You double, you pale companion
Why do you scoff at the pain of my love
That tormented me in this place on many nights

Das Fischermädchen, Letztes Werk, No. 10

You lovely fish maiden, steer the boat to land.
Come to me and sit down.
We'll cuddle hand in hand
Lay your little head on my heart and have no fear.

You trust the ocean everyday without worry!
My heart is like the ocean,
It has storms and ebb and flow
And many beautiful pearls rest in its depths.

Erlkönig, Op. 1, No. 1

Who rides so late through night and wind?
It is the father and his child;
He has the boy safe in his arms
He holds him securely and holds him warm.

"My son what do you hide so anxiously in your face?"
"Do you not see, father, the Spirit King?"
"The Spirit King with crown and sword?"
"My son, it is the fog."

"You dear child, come, go with me;
Beautiful games I will play with you,
Many colourful flowers are on the beach,
My mother has many different robes."

"My father, and do you not hear
What the Spirit King promises?"
"Be quiet, stay calm my child
In dry leaves rustles the wind."

"Will you not go with me, fine boy?
My daughters shall wait upon you;
My daughters will lead you through the nightly order,
And lull and dance and sing to you."

"My father and do you not see there
The Spirit King's daughter on that shadowy place."

"My son I see only the grey of an old willow."

"I love you, your being excites me
And if you are not willing, then I will use power."

"My father, he takes hold of me
The Spirit King has hurt me."
The father is horrified, he rides quickly
He holds in his arms the groaning child
He reaches the courtyard with pain and need
In his arms the child was dead.

Miroirs brûlants

F. Poulenc

Tu vois le feu du soir

You see the smoke of the evening fire emerging from its shell
And you see the forest buried in its coolness,
You see the bare field stretching to the edge of the straggling sky.

The snow is as high as the sea and the sea is as high as the azure.
Perfect stones and sweet woods and succoured veils;
You see cities tinged with gilded melancholy,
Pavements full of excuses.

A square where solitude has its statue smiling and love a lonely house.
You see animals, maligned doubles sacrificed one after another,
Immaculate brothers intermingle in the shadows in a wilderness of blood.

You see a beautiful child when he plays when he laughs,
He is smaller than the little bird on the tip of the branches
You see a countryside with its savour of oil and water
Where the rock is excluded and where the earth abandons her
Greenness to the summer which covers her with fruit.

Women descending from their ancient mirror bring their youth
And their faith in yours and one of them veiled by her clarity
Who allures you secretly makes you see the world without yourself.

Je nommerai ton front

I will name your brow, I will make of it a stake at the summit
Of your sobs. I will name reflection the sorrow which rends
You like a sword in silken curtain.

I will destroy your secret garden full of poppies and precious
Water, I will tie you with my whip.

In your heart you had nothing but subterranean gleams
You will have nothing in your eyes but pupils of blood.

I will name your mouth and hands last; your mouth destroys echoes
Your hands are coins of lead, I shall destroy the rusty keys that
Open them. If I must appease myself completely one day,
If I must forget that I have not been victorious in love, at least you
Know the extent of my hate!

Tennyson's *In Memoriam. A.H.H.*, a monumental collection of over one hundred and thirty poems, is a tribute to Arthur Hallam, whose friendship with Tennyson in student years at Cambridge seems, indeed to have been a "marriage of true minds." Hallam's sudden death in Vienna in 1833 devastated the poet -- thirty years later he could vividly recall how close he had been to suicide -- and for the next seventeen years, he worked intermittently at poems focussed on his 'centred passion.' Finally in 1850, the year of his marriage, the completed work was published, and his grief, it seems, assuaged.

It was at the suggestion of Mark Pedrotti, for whom my songs are composed, that I turned to *In Memoriam* as a possible source of texts and, in my selection and setting of six of the poems, I have attempted to convey in a musically balanced structure, something of the wide variety of moods and colours in Tennyson's masterpiece, whilst preserving the emotional current which underlies the whole work, moving from the utter desolation of the opening to its visionary conclusion.

D.H.

II

Old Yew, which graspest at the stones
That name the under-lying dead,
Thy fibres net the dreamless head,
Thy roots are wrapt about the bones.

The seasons bring the flower again,
And bring the firstling to the flock;
And in the dusk of thee, the clock
Beats out the little lives of men.

O not for thee the glow, the bloom,
Who changest not in any gale,
Nor branding summer suns avail
To touch thy thousand years of gloom:

And gazing on thee, sullen tree,
Sick for thy stubborn hardihood,
I seem to fail from out my blood
And grow incorporate into thee.

XV

To-night the winds begin to rise
And roar from yonder dropping day:
The last red leaf is whirl'd away,
The rooks are blown about the skies;

The forest crack'd, the waters curl'd,
The cattle huddled on the lea;
And wildly dash'd on tower and tree
The sunbeam strikes along the world:

And but for fancies, which aver
That all thy motions gently pass
Athwart a plane of molten glass,
I scarce could brook the strain and stir

That makes the barren branches loud;
And but for fear it is not so,
The wild unrest that lives in woe
Would dote and pore on yonder cloud

That rises upward always higher,
And onward drags a labouring breast,
And topples round the dreary west,
A looming bastion fringed with fire.

XXII

The path by which we twain did go,
Which led by tracts that pleased us well,
Thro' four sweet years arose and fell,
From flower to flower, from snow to snow:

And we with singing cheer'd the way,
And, crown'd with all the season lent,
From April on to April went,
And glad at heart from May to May:

But where the path we walk'd began
To slant the fifth autumnal slope,
As we descended following Hope,
There sat the Shadow fear'd of man;

Who broke our fair companionship,
And spread his mantle dark and cold,
And wrapt thee formless in the fold,
And dull'd the murmur on thy lip,

And bore thee where I could not see
Nor follow, tho' I walk in haste,
And think, that somewhere in the waste
The Shadow sits and waits for me.

CXV

Now fades the last long streak of snow,
Now burgeons every maze of quick
About the flowering squares, and thick
By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and long,
The distance takes a lovelier hue,
And drown'd in yonder living blue
The lark becomes a sightless song.

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,
The flocks are whiter down the vale,
And milkier every milky sail
On winding stream or distant sea;

Where now the seamew pipes, or dives
In yonder greening gleam, and fly
The happy birds, that change their sky
To build and brood; that live their lives

From land to land; and in my breast
Spring wakens too; and my regret
Becomes an April violet,
And buds and blossoms like the rest.

XXVIII

The time draws near the birth of Christ:
The moon is hid; the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.

Four voices of four hamlets round,
From far and near, on mead and moor,
Swell out and fail, as if a door
Were shut between me and the sound:

Each voice four changes on the wind,
That now dilate, and now decrease,
Peace and goodwill, goodwill and peace,
Peace and goodwill, to all mankind.

This year I slept and woke with pain,
I almost wish'd no more to wake,
And that my hold on life would break
Before I heard those bells again:

But they my troubled spirit rule,
For they controll'd me when a boy;
They bring me sorrow touch'd with joy,
The merry merry bells of Yule.

CXXX

Thy voice is on the rolling air;
I hear thee where the waters run;
Thou standest in the rising sun,
And in the setting thou art fair.

What art thou then? I cannot guess;
But tho' I seem in star and flower
To feel thee some diffusive power,
I do not therefore love thee less:

My love involves the love before;
My love is vaster passion now;
Tho' mix'd with God and Nature thou,
I seem to love thee more and more.

Far off thou art, but ever nigh;
I have thee still, and I rejoice;
I prosper, circled with thy voice;
I shall not lose thee tho' I die.

O vy lípy - Přemysl's aria from "Libuše" B. Smetana

Prince Přemysl, soon to be crowned king, is musing on his coming reign while standing under the shade of the mighty linden tree. He sings his praise of the tree's strength and beauty and hopes his kingship will have the same symbolic qualities.

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The Faculty of Music cordially invites you to attend other events in the Edward Johnson Building. Throughout the year there are many recitals by Faculty members and students, as well as orchestra, band, choral, jazz and opera performances. Information is available in the Calendar of Events which may be picked up in the Main Lobby near the Box Office. For information telephone 978-3744.

Contributions for the scholarship or operating funds (payable to the University of Toronto and directed to the Faculty of Music) are most welcome and are eligible for a receipt for income tax purposes. Please address donations or enquiries to Professor Carl Morey, Dean, Faculty of Music, University of Toronto, Toronto, Ontario M5S 1A1. Telephone 978-3761.

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UPCOMING EVENTS AT THE FACULTY OF MUSIC

- March 8 UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO FOLK MUSIC ENSEMBLE
EARL LAPIERRE & TIMOTHY RICE, directors
Trinidadian Steel Band; Balkan and Latin
American folk traditions
Walter Hall 8:00 pm
\$3 General Admission
- March 12 THURSDAY NOON SERIES
Programme featuring music by student
composers
Walter Hall 12:10 pm FREE
- March 13 & OPERA DIVISION presents
March 14 MOZART L'Oca del Cairo
IBERT Angélique
MacMillan Theatre 8:00 pm
\$15/\$10 students, seniors
- March 20 UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO GUITAR ENSEMBLE
ELI KASSNER, director; BRYAN MARTIN,
conductor
Works by baroque & 20th-century masters
Walter Hall 8:00 pm \$3 General Admission
- March 22 UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO CONCERT BAND
W. BRAMWELL SMITH, conductor
Old standards from the concert band
library
MacMillan Theatre 3:00 pm \$3 G.A.
- March 25 UNIVERSITY SINGERS
MICHAEL COGHLAN, conductor
Works by OCKEGHEM, WOLF, FAURE, REGER,
CIAMAGA and HOLMAN
Walter Hall 8:00 pm \$3 General Admission
- March 26 THURSDAY NOON SERIES
Lecture by ANDREW HUGHES, U of T
"Medieval Music-Drama: A Survey.
Reconstructing a music-drama for a 14th-
century French nunnery."
Walter Hall 12:10 pm FREE